Sympathetic, Prophetic

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/44229544.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Gender Dysphoria, Body Dysmorphic Disorder, Non-Traditional Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics, Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics, Alpha Will Graham, Omega Hannibal Lecter, will relives some trauma in his past but it's like half a line
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of Admissions Procedures
Stats:	Published: 2023-01-13 Words: 519 Chapters: 1/1

Sympathetic, Prophetic

by divorcecourtdad

Summary

Will takes some time to evaluate the changes to his body, and ruminate about his past, several months after the events of Cover to Cover.

Twenty five years of repression and isolation later, Will yet again finds himself at a disconnect with his reflection. *Is this what he is? Is this what he was meant to be?*

Notes

dedicating this to froggie because she helped me remember the word for scent blockers. i love u bitch. i ain't never gonna stop lovin' u bitch. kiss emoji.

gonna keep throwing shit at this wall (au) because it is living rent free in my head. actually, i think IM paying IT rent to live in my head.

there are brief mentions of child on child sexual assault and precocious puberty. will also bites (nothing new). these are memories - nothing particularly graphic happens (in the context of hannibal). skip if you want. i'm not holding you hostage.

See the end of the work for more notes

Will's reflection in their gilded, full-length mirror is simultaneously familiar and uncomfortable. Months of accelerated hormone treatment and praise not yet enough for his mind to adjust to the changes forced upon him, Will can't help but stare and find himself lacking.

Will was never the ideal Omega. Never submissive, never pliant. Teachers and classmates often knew the pain of his teeth, the Alphas of his childhood finding out quickly that the new Omega in town would not roll over and bare his neck for them so easily.

His first cycle brought blood and tears. Precocious puberty sent him into heat at barely nine years old, Alpha father at a loss when he found the much older neighbor boy knot-deep inside his son.

It was nothing but bootleg scent blockers and suppressants after that, an excuse to mask the part of himself Will'd never quite meshed with anyway.

Twenty five years of repression and isolation later, Will yet again finds himself at a disconnect with his reflection. *Is this what he is? Is this what he was meant to be?*

He digs his thumbs into his chest, massaging at the remnants of his breasts. While not exactly large, Will knows what he looks like - *Alphas shouldn't be able to fill out a bra*. His chest sags, fat long since migrated to his waist.

He almost misses his hourglass shape, but he craves the taste of his Mate's affection more.

His eyes drift down, abandoning one source of disgust and landing on another. Behind his beautifully swollen sack lies his cunt, ever-wet thanks to his heightened libido and reeking of bitched Alpha.

It is confusing, to be perceived as the inverse by those that are around you.

Hannibal did such a *phenomenal* job, people now scent him as biological Alpha stripped of his masculinity. They smell his persistent arousal and clock him as a Bitch.

What's worse is that, because his hormones are now (mostly) balanced, the vestiges of his heat present as cramps and stitches. A final reminder of what he is, and what he is *not*.

The thick dusting of hair on his ass and thighs is a small comfort, reminding him of the strength he has. Of just how wrong those that doubted him truly were. It is proof that the edges of his fangs belong, that the bites he dished out were well-earned.

Exploring his knot and cock has also been helpful. It is extremely pleasurable compared to penetration, and he can almost mimic the way Hannibal's cunt flexes and squeezes around him when they breed.

But what help most, when he finds himself dissociating in the bathtub or weeping in the kitchen, are the arms of his Mate. The soft kisses pressed into his shoulders and back. The easy words of praise whispered into his ears as they fall into bed again and again.

The sight of his beautiful Omega, swollen with his pups. Practically immobile this far along, tutoring their daughter from his chair in the study as she earns her degree in criminology.

His *family* is his paddle now, and that is enough.

End Notes

this is an ode to how much my ovaries hurt rn. thanks, testosterone.

also please tell me if the formatting on this is fucked. i don't know how many paragraph breaks to do between lines to make it not look like hot garbage bc my ao3 skins automatically correct for shitty formatting and i don't want this to look terrible on default screens. thank you!! love you!! kisses upon your forehead!!

i am on tumblr usually

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!